

THE Lexington Intelligencer

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Corsets make a fat legs.—Headline.

That's propaganda from the corset manufacturers and don't fool us a bit.

Reed gets ovation.—Headline in The Kansas City Times over Reed's bitter attack on President Wilson and the League compact.

That isn't a circumstance to what awaits Reed if he dares to affront the people of Missouri by asking for a re-election.

DOVER ITEMS

(Continued From Page One)

Mrs. George Caldwell and Mr. Caldwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Slusher and small daughter, Virginia Lee, went to Warrensburg Saturday for a short visit with relatives.

Mrs. Josephine Carter is here this week visiting with her sister, Mrs. Frank Gordon and Mr. Gordon. From here she will go to Waurika, Okla., to make her home.

Mrs. D. O. Clark and small daughter, Marian, spent the week-end at their home in Lexington.

Rev. Pollick, who was assigned here from the Southwest Missouri Conference sent his goods up by motor truck Tuesday from Arrow Rock. He and his family will arrive in a few days and take up their residence with the people of Dover. We feel that it is quite a treat to have a preacher living here as it has been several years since we had one. His appointment here will be the second and fourth Sunday in each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Starke Eppes and small daughter, Phoebe, who have been guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eppes, went to Kansas City Saturday for a short visit before returning to their home at Battle Creek, Mich.

F. J. McGee died at his home near here Wednesday, September 17th. His health had been failing for sometime, but had only been confined to his bed about three weeks. He was born near Richmond, Mo., on December 3, 1839, and was the son of R. K. and Caroline McGee. On August 21, 1859, he was married to Miss Susan Lillard of Mercer County, Kentucky.

To this union nine children were born, and are Mrs. W. P. Cole, Lexington; Mrs. Annie Bently and Robert K. McGee, Canyon, Texas; Mrs. Carrie Bachtell, Jefferson City; W. S., Miss Susie and Miss Minnie of the home, who with his wife survive him. Warren, died in early childhood and Stephen L., died seven years ago at his home in Slater. Mr. McGee united with the Christian church more than thirty years ago. He was a great student of the Bible, never failing to devote some portion of each day to its study. He was honest and upright in his business dealings, hospitable in his home where he will be greatly missed. He was laid to rest in the Dover Cemetery on Sunday, September 21.

Miss Louise Wallace Hackney of Chicago, arrived this morning for a visit at the home of H. C. Wallace, and other relatives.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Hedge Posts For Sale.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, August 26th and 27th, I will sell about three thousand hedge posts ranging from regular fence posts to excellent shed and corner posts. These will be sold on my farm between Mayview and Lexington, and for these two days only. Entrance to field on Benton's Lane directly across from Benton Home.

Any one desiring posts meet me on the farm on these two days.

WESLEY FIETH.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Lexington Homes.

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that

Backache pains often come from weak kidneys,

'Twould save much needless woe.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys,

Read what a Lexington citizen says:

Mrs. A. Ashford, Fifth St., says: "From my experience with

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rheumatic pains in my body and arms. My kidneys acted too frequently and I began to wear out

physically. I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Crenshaw & Young's

Drug Store and found great relief. I shall keep Doan's on hand

hereafter in case of need."

60c, at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sporting Blood

By WILL T. AMES

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Just below an arched stone bridge which carries the road over a pebbly brook the brown waters swirl down among rocks and, speeding out, form an ideally deep and foam-flecked trout pool. It looks a fit spot for a veritable king of trout to hold his solitary court, and there is a tradition in the immediate countryside that some years ago a three-pounder was taken from its waters.

It is this tradition which every year lures to the bank of the beautiful pool ardent anglers who vainly hope that history will repeat itself.

Early on a misty morning in April a young man in buckskin and soft hat, carrying reel and slender bamboo rod, came down the highway toward the pool. A gray roadster stood on the bridge.

On reaching the first point in the road from which the brook was visible he glanced down, then stood a moment and watched. Evidently what he saw was interesting, but also disappointing, for he continued on, peering a mile farther, to the banks of a smaller stream.

The cause of this change in purpose was a slender, girlish figure, clad in a corduroy sport suit, soft velour hat of brilliant green, and long-legged rubber boots.

Standing back from the pool, carefully manipulating a whippy "spit"



Held It Tentatively Taut.

rod, eyes intent on the delicious wriggly worm she was skillfully guiding down the "riffle," the fisher girl did not see the man who stopped a moment on the road above and then passed along out of sight.

On the opposite bank of the brook stood a large tree, whose low-hung branches just cleared a backwater. The slender rod whipped, and by a clever cast the girl placed the lure temptingly in the shadowy spot. A sudden jerk on the line, and it started off down stream! Quickly the girl yielded the slack she held in her left hand, and the reel hummed.

Then a tense moment, as she carefully snubbed the line and held it tentatively taut. With a sudden slight movement of her rod she started to reel in. At this moment a small urchin appeared on the bridge above and stopped to watch. Carefully the girl played her fish. As the line shortened there came a splash and the flash of a mighty tail.

"Gee, but that must be a whopper!" sang out the small boy excitedly. But the girl was thinking hard. Not expecting anything like this, she had neglected to bring a landing net.

The strain on the delicate rod was increasing. It bent nearly double. She did the only thing she could think of in the emergency: walk backward and literally dragged her catch up the shelving shore. Fortunately he was well hooked, and her gear was of the best.

"Oh, golly!" exclaimed a voice close beside: "but ain't he the pippin!"

The girl looked into the freckled face of the small boy. But she was too intent on her task to answer.

With unswinking eyes the urchin watched her as she vainly tried to extract the hook, and finally ended by borrowing his knife and cutting the line. With flushed faces the girl and the small boy, in the freemasonry of Sportland, examined, admired and explained over the speckled beauty. "Gee! Bel it's big as the one old Paddy caught here. Golly! I'm going now and tell him about it." And the small boy disappeared.

The fish proving too large for the reel, the girl put it in a knapsack she carried suspended from her shoulder, and, climbing up to the road, unloosing her rod on the way, seated herself in the gray roadster and soon was merely a part of a cloud of dust vanishing in the distance.

The small urchin had slowed down

to a walk when he met the man in slouch hat and mackinaw returning. "Say, mister," he said, bursting with importance, "you ought to 'a' seen the pippin the lady just caught in the big pool. This big!" And he measured at least a yard with his grimy hands.

"That so?" said the man. "But you're exaggerating a little, aren't you, sonny?"

"Test you go there and see if yourself," returned the boy, starting off again on the run. The man quickened his pace, but when he reached the pool he found the angler was in sight.

That evening, seated in the lounge of his club, the sportsman was relating the incident to several companions, who received it with the customary skepticism. One of them laughed. "You didn't fall for that kid's yarn, did you, Hammond? You know the small boy's power of exaggeration."

"Well, it's an accepted fact around here that some unusually big trout for this part of the country have been taken from the Pebbly brook pool; and I've always put a lot of faith in it," Hammond spoke rather louder than his wont.

A young chap stood in the doorway. At Hammond's words he came forward. "I don't know how you heard about it, for when I came away she was lamenting that she had had no one to talk it over with, but that must be the very trout my sister caught today. It weighs just an even two pounds to the hair. I don't know much about fishing, and care less, but Anne is bugs over it."

The group turned to him interestedly, and Hammond asked him several questions, but the boy seemed rather bored by them, and gave very unsatisfactory answers. "I'd give a good deal to see that fish," exclaimed Hammond.

The boy brightened considerably. "Say, I'll call Anne up and introduce you over the phone, and you can go right down. She'll be tickled to pieces to find one who's interested—and then I won't have to go home at 10, as I promised her."

"I'll take you up on that," replied Hammond.

When Billy Crane did return that evening it was considerably after 10, but Trask Hammond and Billy's sister were still poring over catalogues, trying to decide the best place to send the trophy to be mounted. They had already made a date to fish Pebbly brook together the next day, and overhauled Anne's tackle and got it in readiness for the trip, managing to become very well acquainted in the process.

It was a month later, one evening at sundown, when Anne stood again on the bank of the Pebbly brook pool, casting her bait under the low-hanging branches of the big tree opposite, and remarked to the man who was standing close by watching her: "It's foolish to try, I know; I probably shall never land a two-pounder out of here again. That was my lucky day."

The man spoke slowly, while the brown swirling waters laughed down over the stones: "That has been the luckiest day in my life, so far. But you can make today the very luckiest ever if you wish."

The girl watched her curling line closely for a moment; then said, archly: "You're too big to go in my reel, but so was that two-pounder—and I didn't put it back, did I?"

TOOK IT AS A COMPLIMENT

Whittier's Pet Dog Had Reasons for Showing Appreciation of Singing of "Robin Adair."

An old lady who was a friend of the poet Whittier tells the following story:

At one time, when his birthday was being publicly celebrated, he had as a guest Mrs. Julia Houston West, then the most celebrated oratorio singer in America. After the dinner Whittier asked her to sing. She chose for her selection the ballad "Robin Adair," which she sang with great pathos and feeling. Hardly had she begun the song when Whittier's pet dog came into the room, walked over close to her side and stared up at her with every expression of delight. When she had finished, he lifted his paw to shake hands, and then, leaping up, he licked her cheek.

"His name is also Robin Adair," explained Mr. Whittier, "so he takes that song as a tribute to himself."

And very evidently he did. From that moment he devoted himself to Mrs. West, hardly leaving her side, indoors or out, during her visit; and when she went away he carried her traveling bag in his mouth as far as the carriage, and showed his sorrow over her departure in every way that a dog could.—Youth's Companion.

He Sought Relief.

The boy had the musical talent which permitted him to play by ear everything he heard, and which also drove him to the piano when he was emotional from any new experience or excitement. When he was 12 he took part in a religious ceremony at his church, a ceremony from which he was supposed to receive spiritual good and uplift. He came home elated by he didn't know just what, but the minute he entered the house he rushed to the piano to relieve his emotions and madly dashed off, with the loud pedal on, "I'm Old, But I'm Awfully Tough."—Springfield Republican.

Uncle Eben.

"De little girl," said Uncle Eben, "dat's allus takin' her dolly and duffin an' sayin' she won't play, grows up to be de lady dat says unless she's de chairman dar ain't ginter be no meetin'."

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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